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Machinery, Office, Tupper's Block, Middlebury, Vt.T. KIDDER,
Harness maker and repair shop. Fine
harnesses, saddles, bridles, whips, blankets,
etc., constantly on hand. Shop on Mer-
chants' Row.E. GROVENOR,
Agent for Walter A. Wood Machine, and
also the Anson Wood Mower. I have some 10th
and 11th year mowers for sale. BRIDGTON, VT.H. MARDIN,
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Main Street, near corner of Main.JASON DAVENPORT, Fire Insur-
ance Agent, will write policies in the Farm-
ers Mutual and other companies represented by
Mr. J. Francis in Rutland.H. TURRILL,
Dentist, Office, Tupper's Block, Middlebury, Vt.CABINET MAKER,
E. L. STEWART,
Is prepared to do all kinds of work in the line of
cabinet making, manufacturing the new and re-
pairing the old, at reasonable prices. Shop in the
Rutland House on College Street.GIDEON E. CLARK,
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Chicago, Ill.MONEY LOANED for eastern parties on first
mortgage security on improved real estate in and
near Chicago and South Chicago at rates setting
ten per cent. per annum to the lender.Reference by permission to Messrs. Stewart &
Kinsley, Middlebury, Vt.STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,
St. Albans, Vermont.
Principal, assisted by four capable graduates of
Normal Schools from three States.New Features for 1875. Capacity
of building doubled. Model and Preparatory
departments added.First Term opens fourth Tuesday in August.
Spring Term, first Tuesday in February.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

CENTRAL VT. RAILROAD,
RUTLAND DIVISION.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

MOVING NORTH—Night express leaves Rut-
land 1:35; Brandon 2:15; Middlebury 2:55;
Vergennes 3:35; arrives in Burlington at 4:25.
Express Freight—Leaves Rutland 1:05 a. m.;
Brandon 1:45 a. m.; Middlebury 2:25 a. m.;
Vergennes 3:05 a. m.; arrives in Burlington at 4:00 a. m.Mail—Leaves Rutland at 11:50 a. m.;
Brandon 12:30 p. m.; Middlebury 1:10 p. m.;
Vergennes 1:50 p. m.; arrives in Burlington at 2:40 p. m.Night Express—Leaves Rutland at 11:50 p. m.;
Brandon 12:30 p. m.; Middlebury 1:10 p. m.;
Vergennes 1:50 p. m.; arrives in Burlington at 2:40 p. m.Night Express—Leaves Rutland at 11:50 p. m.;
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VOL. XLII.

MIDDLEBURY, VT., MARCH 28, 1876.

NO. 1.

Dying.

BY CAPT. ROBERT PHILIPS, A. M.

Throw up the window, darling—draw up the cur-
tain high.Let in the glowing sunlight, fresh from the
morning sky.Let in the breeze from the hill tops, pure with
its breath of balm.Laden with odors of blossoms—singing its sound-
ing melody.Let in the jubilant bird notes, borne from the
singing trees.Burdens with joy and gladness, thrilling the
feeling heart.I know I am dying, dear! but I cannot for-
bear to live.The music of nature's voices reaching me even
here—Here in my sick room, crowded with visions of
gone days.Ringing with melodies often, of love and joy and
the days of our youth.For the scent of the apple blossoms brings to my
drowsing mind.The days of our youthful wooing, that the years
have left behind.Again I inhale the freshness of the breeze on my
sweaty brow.And back to the golden sunlight that boyhood's
heaven lifts.And back to the golden sunlight that boyhood's
heaven lifts.That told the tale of the boy love, in the seasons
long ago.Again I stand beside you, on the mountain's ragged
brown brow.And you to the birds and the breezes, just as I
hear them now.And gaze on the visioned future spreading be-
fore me there.Dotted with dream-woolly castles and palaces
stately and fair.While through the fairy pathways, striding
with equal pace.Love and Fame go wandering, twined in a close
embrace.And as I gaze at the vision, born of a hope divine,
Still lingers my heart at the pressure of thy soft,
warm hand in mine.While, borne by the willing breezes up to my
sagacious lips.The wealth of the golden treasures in my vision's
glaze.Ah! 'tis a sweet, sweet vision of the halcyon days
gone by.Painful to the heart of our sunset, gilding our
evening sky.We have grown old together, and then our
castles fall.Crumbling one after another, till ruin engulfed
them all.Yet in their places have risen structures more
stately and fair.

That with many an earnest prayer.

And though in the earth's clime the builders have
passed on.The palaces tower in the cloud land, and the
spires to heaven have grown.Each pointing with glittering finger to the
goal we have borne in the past.To the joy-lighted vision of the heavens, the
goal of our triumph at last.The golden skies of olden times have taken a
new hue.And Love and Fame no longer through futurity's
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Membranous Croup.

BY MARK TWAIN.

Well, to go back to where I was before
I digressed to explain to you how that
frightful and incurable disease,
membranous croup, was ravaging the
town and driving all mothers mad with
terror, I called Mrs. McWilliams's atten-
tion to little Penelope, and said: "Dar-
ling, I wouldn't let that child be chewing
that pine stick, if I were you.""Precious, where is the harm in it?" she
said, but at the same time preparing to
take away the stick—for women can-
not receive even the most palpably judi-
cious suggestion without arguing it; that
is, married women."Love, it is notorious that pine is the
least nutritious wood that a child can
eat."My wife's hand paused in the act of
taking the stick, and returned it to her
lap. She bridled perceptibly, and
said: "Hush, you know better than to
say that. You know you do. Doctors all
say that turpentine in pine wood is good
for weak lungs and the kidneys.""Ah! I was under a misapprehension. I
did not know that the child's kidneys
and spine were affected, and that the fam-
ily physician had recommended—""Who said that the child's spine and
kidneys were affected?"

"My love, you intimated it."

"I said I never intimated anything
of the kind.""Why, my dear, it hasn't been two
minutes since you said—""Neither what I said! I don't care
what I did say. There isn't any harm
in the child's chewing a bit of pine stick
if she wants to, and you know it perfectly
well. And she shall chew it, too! So
there, now!""Say no more, my dear. I now see
the force of your reasoning, and I will go
and order two or three cords of the best
pine wood, to-day. No child of mine
shall want while I live.""O, please go along to your office, and
let me have some peace. A body can
never make the simplest remark but you
must take it up and go on to arguing, and
arguing, and arguing, till you don't know
what you are talking about, and you never
do.""Very well, it shall be as you say.
But there is a want of logic in your last
remark which—"However, she was gone with a flourish
before I could finish, and had taken the
child with her. That night at dinner, she
confronted me with a face as white as a
sheet."O, Mortimer, there's another! Little
George Gordon is taken!"

"Membranous croup?"

"Membranous croup."

"Is there any hope for him?"

"None in the wide world. O, what is
to become of us?"By and by our nurse brought in our
Penelope to say good-night and offer the
child's prayer at the mother's knee.In the midst of "Now I lay me down
to sleep," she gave a slight cough. My
wife fell back like one stricken with
death. But the next moment, she was
up and running away with the activities
which terror inspires.She commenced that the child's crib be
moved from the nursery to our bed-
room; and she went along to see the or-
der executed. She took me with her, of
course. We got matters arranged with
speed. A cot-bed was put up in my
wife's dressing-room for the nurse. But
now Mrs. McWilliams said we were too
far away from the other baby, and what
if he were to have the symptoms in the
night?—and she blanched again, poor
thing.We then restored the crib and bed
to the nursery, and put up a bed
for ourselves in the room adjoining.Presently, however, Mrs. McWilliams
said: "Suppose the baby should catch it
from Penelope?" This thought struck a
new panic to her heart, and the tribe of
us could not get the crib out of the nur-
sery again fast enough to satisfy my wife,
though she assisted in her own person,
and well-nigh pulled the crib to pieces in
her frantic efforts.We moved down stairs, but there was
no place to stow the nurse, and Mrs. Mc-
Williams said the nurse's experience
would be an insupportable help. So we re-
turned, bag and baggage, to our own bed-
rooms once more, and felt a great glad-
ness, like storm-buffed birds that have
found their nest again.Mrs. McWilliams tapped to the nursery
to see how things were going on there.
She was back in a minute, and put up a
new dread. She said: "What can make the
baby sleep?"I said: "Why, my darling, baby al-
ways sleeps like a graven image.""I know, I know; but there's some-
thing peculiar about his sleep now. He
seems to—he seems to breathe so regu-
larly. O, this is dreadful!""Oh, I know it, but there's something
dreadful about it now. His nurse is too
young and inexperienced. Maria shall
stay there with her, and be on hand if
anything happens.""That is a good idea; but who will
help you?""You can help me all I want. I
wouldn't allow anybody to do anything
but myself, anyhow, at such a time as
this."I said I would feel mean to lie abed
and sleep and leave her to watch and toll
over our little patient all the weary
night. But she reconciled me to it. So
old Maria departed and took up her an-
cient quarters in the nursery.

Penelope coughed twice in her sleep.

"Oh, why don't the doctor come?"
Mortimer, this room is too warm. The
room is certainly too warm. Turn off the
register—quick!"I shut it off, glancing at the thermo-
meter at the same time, and wondering to
myself if 70 was too warm for a sick
child.The coachman arrived from down
town, now, with the news that our phy-
sician was ill and confined to his bed.
Mrs. McWilliams turned a dead eye up
at me, and said in a dead voice: "There
is providence in it. It is foreordained.
She never was sick before. Never. We
have not been living as we ought to live.
Mortimer, time and time again I have
told you so. Now you see the result.
Our child will never get well. Be thank-
ful if you can forgive yourself. I never

can forgive myself."

I said, without intent to hurt, but with
heedless choice of words, that I could not
see that we had been living such an aban-
doned life."Mortimer! Do you want to bring
the judgment upon baby, too?"Then she began to cry, but suddenly
exclaimed: "The doctor must have sent
medicines!"I said: "Certainly they are here. I
was only waiting for you to give me a
chance.""Well, do give them to me! Don't
you know that every moment is precious
now? But what was the use in sending
medicines when he knows that the dis-
ease is incurable?"I said that while there was life there
was hope."Hope! Mortimer, you know no more
what you are talking about than the
child unborn. If you would—"As I live, the directions say give one tea-
spoonful once an hour! Once an hour!
—as if we had a whole year before us to
save the child in! Mortimer, please
hurry. Give the poor perishing thing a
tablespoonful, and try to be quick!""What my dear, a tablespoonful
might—""Don't drive me frantic!
There, there, my precious,
my own; it's nasty, bitter stuff, but it's
good for Nelly—good for mother's pre-
cious darling; and it will make her
well. There, there, put the little
head on mamma's breast and go to sleep,
and pretty soon—Oh, I know she can
live till morning! Mortimer, a table-
spoonful every half-hour!—Oh, the
child needs belladonna, too!—I know she
does—now let me have my way.
You know nothing about these things!"We now went to bed, placing the crib
close to my wife's pillow. All this tur-
moil had worn upon me, and within two
minutes I was something more than half
asleep. Mrs. McWilliams roused me.
"Darling, is that register turned on?""I thought as much. Please turn it
on at once. This room is cold."I turned it on, and presently fell asleep
again. I was aroused once more."Dearie, you must mind moving the
crib to your side of the bed? It is near-
er the register."I moved it, but had a collision with
the rug and woke up the child. I dozed
off once more, while my wife quieted the
sufferer. But in a little while there
was a commotion, and my wife called
for my gowning gown."Mortimer, if we only had some goose
grease—will you ring?"I climbed drearily out, and stepped on
a cat, which responded with a protest,
and would have got a convincing kick for
it, if a chair had not got in the way."Now, Mortimer, why do you want to
turn up the gas and wake up the child
again?""Because I want to see how much I
am hurt, Caroline."